



EMIGRE

The Magazine

That Ignores
Boundaries

Keeping
Myths Alive
Issue

Featuring

Henk R. Elenga

John Fante

Escape Mechanism

Motown over
Moscow

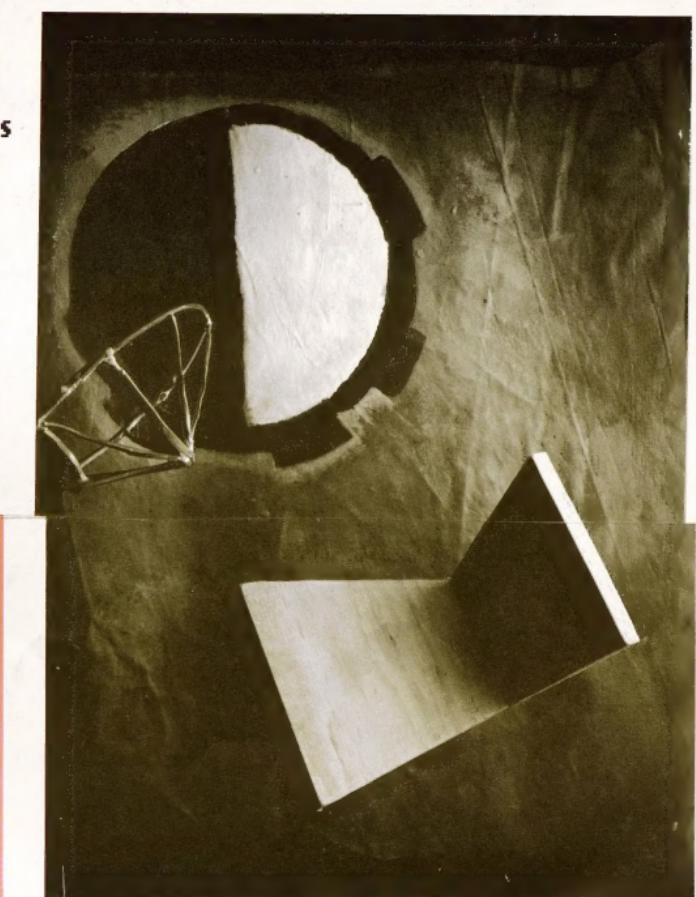
Pull-Out Poster

Magritte's Hat

The Cremation of
Sam McGee

George Sand

4



Price \$5.-



2
DRIVE

Desi Arnaz Hecintech illustration by John Hersey

Image typeset by Pixel from Imageset Corporation
1307 South Hwy Avenue, Suite 289, Sunnyvale, CA 94087
Phone: (408) 728-9994
Pixel and Imageset are registered trademarks

Publisher/Art Director

Rudy Vanderlans

Associate Publishers

Henna Heyjes

Marc Susan

Editorial Consultants

Karen Keenan

Alice Polesky

Marc Susan

Advertising

Cheryl E. Riley

Maryanne Lelai

**Digital Type Design
and Typesetting**

Zuzana Licko

Printing

West Coast Print Center

Visual Studies Workshop

THANK YOU

Bell Abramson

Frédéric Alperovitz

Back Bay

Black Sparrow Press

Richard Blair

Badri E. Berghei

Casey Cartwright

Svetlana Darsalia

Armand Delonix

Joseph DiMaggio

Dodd, Mead & Company

EZTV

Joyce Fante

Brad Freeman

GRICA

Jean Lyons

Lewis MacAdams

Lenny Schefer

Splash

Kim Sullivan

Tom Sullivan

Boxcar Type

All digital type was designed and typeset on the Apple Macintosh. The Font Editor program was used to create the typefaces which were then set with either Handwrite or Receipt. Printsouts were created using the ImageWriter and phototypesetter.

C

EMIGRE



The Magazine That Ignores Boundaries

O

2. Desi Arnaz Macintosh illustration by John Hersey

4. The work of Henk R. Elenga Interview by Marc Susan

9. Vincent van Gogh Spraypainting by Scott Williams

10. An interview with Polish artist Marek Majewski by Alice Polesky

II. John Fante Excerpt from Ask the Dust

13. Escape Mechanism Story by Peter Plate

14. Motown Over Moscow Story by John O'Hondt

19. Emigre Pull-Out Poster by Rudy Vanderlans

25. George Sand Appreciation by Alice Polesky,
Painting by Diane F. Smith

26. His Master's F... Illustrated cartoons by Bert Vandermeij

27. Magritte's Hat Story by Veronique Vienne

28. Boundaries Ignored Poetry by Elsa Frausto, Lisa Cohen
Joanna Warwick, Marc Susan and Debra Seagal

30. Alexandre Skriabin Painting by Didier Cremieux

31. Jim Morrison Revisited Photographs by Rane Telford

34. The Cremation of Sam McGee

Poem by Robert W. Service Paintings by William Cope

For information
concerning advertising

and distribution call

(415) 841 4161

Emigre Graphics

48 Shattock Square

Box 175

Berkeley, CA 94704-1140

Cover

>Time Transmission & Ready for a staged
photo event by Henk R. Elenga, 1985

Emigre is published not more than
four times a year by Emigre Graphics.
Copyright 1985 by Emigre Graphics.
All rights reserved. No part of
this publication may be reproduced
without written permission from
the artists or Emigre Graphics.

HENK R.

Henk *Evers* is an energetic artist /designer in his late thirties who has resided in Hollywood, California since he immigrated to the U.S. in 1981. He shares a modest two-bedroom apartment with his Dutch wife Lenie and a chubby white cat named Bosito in a building that he describes as "thirties-fourplex Italian-Mediterranean-style." On a balmy Monday morning in July '85, I visit him there.

We are sitting at one of the steel and glass tables he made himself, behind our steel cups brimming with potent black espresso. In a corner stands another of Henk's creations: a wooden prototype of a lamp series. His sense of humor in art is apparent: to my right, above a doorway, protrudes an odd, brightly blue painted salami-like object, and nearby a

paint-splattered empty picture frame is decoratively stuck in between a typewriter and the wall. A window to my left overlooks flat rooftops and palm trees. Noticing my search for details and reference points, Henk proudly points out that not only does he have a view of the legendary Hollywood sign, but also that the studio-livingroom faces *west* - the side preferred by most artists because of the tempered daylight.

What excited me about interviewing Henk was that he is a multifaceted artist involved in such diverse occupations as graphic design, furniture and light-object design and its construction, art exhibition design, art magazine publication and distribution (*Zienmagazin*), music video directing and video art directing, composing and performing music, and

painting and creating "staged photo events."

While still in Holland, Henk was instrumental in founding *Hard Werkers*, a Rotterdam-based group of young designers with innovative ideas. The distinctive, somewhat chaotic style of *Hard Werkers* was first perceived as ugly, but in recent years it has been recognized as an important movement in Europe, comparable to "De Stijl" and Russian Constructivism. Henk is the only member who lives in the U.S., and he represents the group as president of *Hard Werkers*, L.A. Dept.

BY Marc Susan

10 De Berlamo G. Lamp, 1978



11 Kelly Dennis H., 1982 (With John Reed Foreman)

ELENA ERINGA

QUESTION NUMBER ONE FROM ROTTERDAM, YOU'RE AN ARTIST. DID YOU STUDY AS A PAINTER IN HOLLAND? **E** Basically, yes. I graduated from the Academy of Fine Arts in Rotterdam. **DO YOU DO ANYTHING ELSE BESESIDE PAINTING?** **E** I did some work as a window dresser for a large department store and I opened an art gallery with a friend to get some publicity and recognition with the paintings we made at art school. **DID THE GALLERY SUCCEED?** **E** Yes, we got a lot of publicity. We also showed our friends' work, installations like reconstructions of Dada groups from the thirties, as well as the work of a guy who exhibited photographs the size of postage stamps, very unusual things that nobody had seen before. To make some money, we started a

rental gallery. We put on shirts and ties, visited multinational corporations, and asked them if they were interested in renting artwork. That was a big success - it took off like hell! But it was also a lot of work. **WHEN WAS THAT?** **E** Around 1970. **IS IT STILL FUNCTIONING?** **E** It's doing great. We gave the whole organization to the Rotterdam Art Foundation and they are still running it today. **WERE YOU EVER OF THE GALLERIES BUSINESS?** **E** I wouldn't say that I was tired of it. It was more like a dream had come true. I had accomplished what I had in mind. Most of my fantasies and dreams have pretty much been realized, by the way. **WHAT CAME NEXT?** **E** I became involved in an experimental gallery, the Lijnbaan Centrum, supported by the Rotterdam City Council. It was

located in a very prestigious, brand new building in the center of the city. One of the requirements was that the place function as an intermediate form between a gallery and a museum. It also had to be an environment that invited experiments. It had a video studio with top-of-the-line equipment, for example. The exhibition design that I put together for the gallery were mostly thematic and we used a combination of video and multiscreen slide projection that we invented ourselves to enhance it. Video was still new and unexplored then. We did a lot of crazy things. We even cruised Holland with a bus full of video equipment - filming, demonstrating and doing a survey about the different uses of video. After a while we became very sought after video-



Trapezium C, 1984, Photo by John Reed Freeman



**CONTINUED
ON NEXT PAGE**

HARDWERKEN

makers. Important museums like the Stedelijk Museum in Amsterdam asked us to make tapes for them. In 1974 I even went for half a year to Germany to run the video department of the Kölische Kunst Verein. [WHAT KIND OF TAPE WERE THEY?] Art video productions and documentaries about artists like Nam June Paik and Man Ray. I was cameraman and editor, all in one, and my friends did the sound and most of the interviewing. [WHAT HAPPENED TO THE LEADERSHIP DURING IT?] It collapsed under its own weight. The productions became more and more elaborate and expensive. On top of that, there was considerable pressure from people within the organization to politicize our work and compromise our artistic endeavors. That's when I lost interest. [WHY DID

THE HARDWERKEN GROUP COME ABOUT?] In '79. It was essentially a group of friends, graphic designers and artists, each with their own specialties and style. We collaborated, yet we each worked independently - a rare occurrence among artists, as you probably know. One of our first projects was to create a magazine, *HardWerken*, which was more or less a portfolio of all the ideas and concepts about design we had.

[WHAT WAS THE MAGAZINE ABOUT?] It was a cultural/popular publication comparable to *Wier* magazine. [WHERE DID THE GROUP MEET AND WORK?] We shared one large well-equipped graphic studio in Rotterdam. [CAN YOU GIVE AN EXAMPLE OF HOW YOU WORKED TOGETHER?] Well, each of us would at times be driven mad by a lack of ideas. We

called that "designer's pain." That's when someone else would jump in and finish the job. Or sometimes you just needed a little push to help the project along. [COULD YOU MENTION A TYPICAL PROJECT THAT IDENTIFIED THE HARDWERKEN STYLE?] Our slogan was "Everything should be beautiful," but the designs were esthetically anarchistic. We would use a hundred different typefaces in one poster, for example, and initially the public hated it. And now, a few years later, the *HardWerken* company design stamps for the Dutch government, catalogs for museums, styling for festivals -- you name it. What is also interesting is that this style was happening simultaneously in other parts of the world: in Japan and right here in California, in L.A.'s *Her* magazine.

6



D. Rademe 4, Lamp, 1988, aluminum, copper, glass, quartz

W E R K E N

That was my first job in America, by the way, to do design work for Wex before it "dried up."

**ARE YOU EVER TO
KNEEL DOWN?** **W**ell, I thought it was time to do something in a different country. Things were getting a bit too comfortable - I need to challenge myself now and then. In Holland I was successful, but it's so crowded there; it's like living in an anthill - there were too many people breathing down my neck. Anyway, I love to travel, but when I came to L.A., it was love at first sight. You got your house and you get your car and nobody bothered you.

**DO YOU FEEL LIKE A
CITY PERSON?** **I** don't feel like an immigrant at all! When I look around in Los Angeles, everybody is an immigrant. Besides, this place has only existed a hundred years! I'm only

an immigrant according to statistics and law. That's why when you started a magazine named *Emigre*, I thought it was not significant at all. The subtitle appeals more to me. I hate borders and boundaries. I hate it when I approach the border of another country and there is a person standing there who wants to know who you are, where you are going and how long you want to stay.

**DO YOU FEEL MORE LIKE A CIVI-
LIZED PERSON?** **D**efinitely! I could live almost anywhere.

Book & Elong, 1983

CONTINUED
ON NEXT PAGE



Dining Table, 1971



„De Stijl“ lamp, 1992



Catalogue design, o Post Olympic Art o, 1994



Two covers "Hard Werken" magazine.

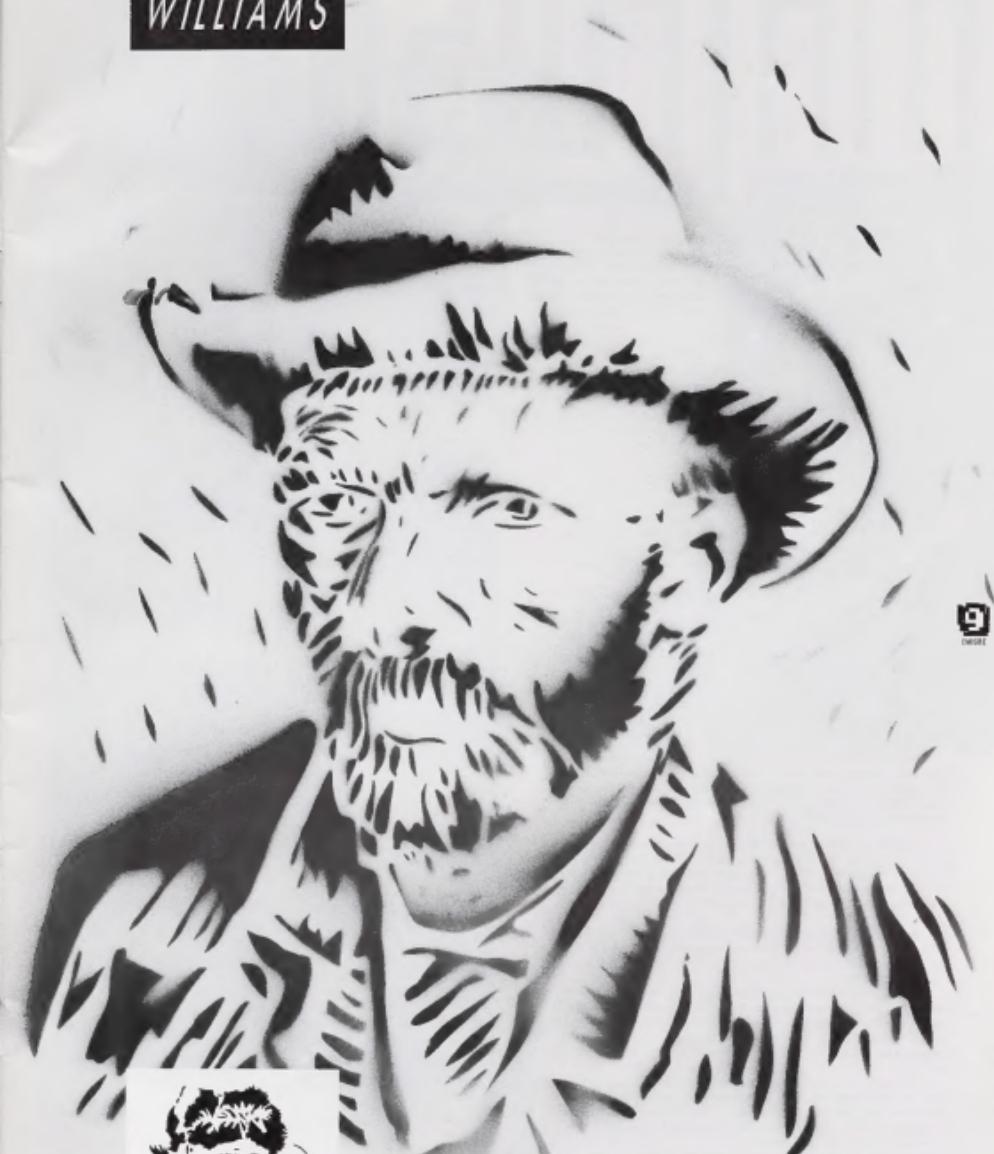


Catalogue designs, o Little Green Press o, 1995



Chair, 1997

SCOTT
WILLIAMS



©
DIADE

VINCENT VAN GOGH

MAREK

MAREK MAJEWSKI

"Every system," says Polish emigre artist Marek Majewski, "has its advantages."

We were discussing his impressions of his recent trip to Europe, his fourth in 15 years on a Bay Brant. Looking at post-Solidarity Poland, he "found the system disengaging. Once you see how the machine works, you don't want to become part of it." Indeed, Marek found that most of his artist compatriots had emigrated during Solidarity to Canada, the U.S., and Australia, the three countries that opened their borders to this wave of Polish immigrants. Poland itself issued passports freely at this time, and many left the country.

On the other hand, as an artist under free enterprise, Marek is well aware of the singer Jackson Browne's dilemma being "caught between the longing for love and the struggle for the legal tender." Economic necessity imposes its own limitations, and a lot of Marek's time in the U.S. has been spent trying to reconcile the laws of economics and the compulsion of artistic expression.

Marek had no thought of coming to the United States when he was studying graphic design of the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw. In high school, he had decided upon his field: theatre perfor design. At the Academy, he studied under Tomaszewski, co-founder of the Polish Poster School whose work had definitely inspired Marek.

"In those days [the sixties], Polish poster art was strongly influenced by the West - Pop Art, Op Art --" Marek, Puszczański, et al. The political atmosphere was non-repressive. "We were under Solidarnosc, the most liberal dictator in eastern Europe," Marek laughs. "There were western movies in the cinema and many Americans in Poland. Poland was looking towards the West."

Marek received many awards for his work and took advantage of the abundant theatre activity in Warsaw. Upon graduation in 1968, he was hired to work for a Polish magazine, *TY I WY*, as an assistant art director. He would later draw on this background. Things were going well professionally for him.

In 1968, he met an American artist, Cleoane, on a Fulbright scholarship in Poland. After they finished their studies, they got married. Marek spent another six months in Warsaw but emigrated to San Francisco in 1978.

He was culture-shocked.

"I had taken some English classes in Poland. I could read newspapers, but I couldn't speak or understand if I read." This limited his job opportunities. He took a job working in magazine production while he attended evening classes in English. Another disappointment was that there was no market for his posters. "I moved into magazine design. I had already done some of this in Poland."

His English improved and so did his professional network. He did freelance work for *Rolling Stone* and *Rolling Stone*.

In 1972, Marek went to Paris on vacation, which extended into a year of free-lance graphic design work. Most important, he was able to learn about photography techniques from that Malraux, for whom he worked as an assistant. Marek also got to do work for *Newsweek*, *Vogue*, and *Zoom*. His experience of western Europe added yet another overlay to his Polish and American acculturation.

Upon his return to the United States in 1973, Marek resumed magazine work (for *Rolling Stone*). He also taught art at Hayward State College and the San Francisco Academy of Art. He even got to do posters for Celestial Arts, where he was art director, as well as for various record companies, for whom he also did record covers. "Designing record covers is very similar to designing posters," Marek says. His clients included RCA, Grunt, and Fantasy-Milennium-Prestige.

Between the years of 1976 and 80, Marek built an impressive list of clients and credits as a designer and photographer. *Peninsula* (in collaboration with his wife Diana), *San Francisco Theatre*, *New West*, *Boulevard*, *Wei*, *Artefact*, and *San Francisco* magazines.

He was also honing his proficiency in photo-portraiture. "I have always been fascinated by portraits. Whenever I am in large, touristy areas like the Benidorms and the Pyrenees mountains and open, I would love to paint superrealistically, if I could. So I try to do with lighting what the great painters did: reveal the elements of the human personality. But you cannot duplicate the painter's light with artificial light, because the painter's light is real, not what I create in mine."

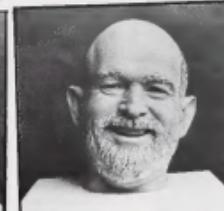
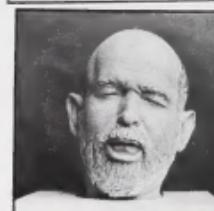
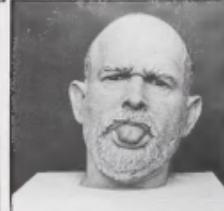
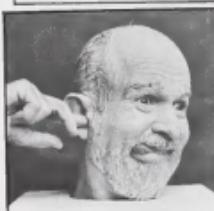
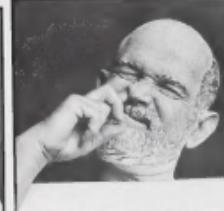
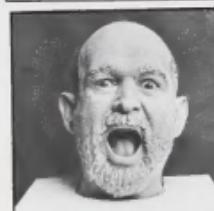
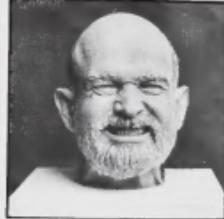
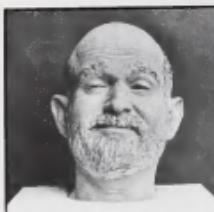
It is not only the visual aspect of photography that attracts Marek. "None of my subjects [such as sculptor Robert Brecon, singer/composer Harry Belafonte, writer Jessica Helfer] are stagey events in our world today. They are significant, and I try to portray my conception of them by using lighting to highlight their features and expressions; to reveal their characters by dramatic poses, strobe lights, and other techniques."

Marek came into his own as design director and chief photographer at *Artefact*. He recalls with evident pleasure the years 1981-82. "It was the most creative group I've ever worked with." Using his favorite format, the tabloid, Marek established the clear-cut portrait that became the signature -- the "Look" -- of *Artefact*.

Marek had none of the same freedom in his work with *San Francisco Focus* magazine. "When I look through the camera lens, I care not only the photograph I'm about to take, but its *look*!"

With all this, Marek has not forgotten poster design. He is working on a book of Polish poster designs of the sixties. For the past few years he has had no success with this project, but he has not given up. In 1982, he did get a crack of poster design, with graffiti results. His entry to the United Nations-sponsored UNIFORCE '82 poster competition, representing the U.S. and depicting metaphorically peace-use of water space, was a winner.

Marek's professional success in the battleground that is art in the United States is enviable: art director, photographer, graphic designer and, now once again, teacher (at the San Francisco



Robert Arneson photographed by Marek Majewski
For ERTBERT magazine.

Academy of Art). At the moment, he is preparing an exhibit of his photographs for the American Embassy in Warsaw. Yet Marek still considers returning to Poland in later years, to paint.

"There, I wouldn't have to try to sell my work. If it sold, fine; if not, also fine." He believes it may be possible to produce his own statements as a state-supported painter. "I'd feel much happier for Poland, for my family."

Tell Marek admits that his last glimpse of Poland was through eyes that had become increasingly Americas, though his perception of himself is more western European than Polish or American; somewhere equidistant between the two.

We talk about the trade-off between financial security and political security and Marek shrugs. He knows that however imperfect human systems are, the artist's vision is borderless.

BY ALICE POLESKY



JUHN FANTE

I went up to my room, up the dusty stairs of Bunker Hill, past the soot-covered frame buildings along that dark street, sand and oil and grease choking the futile palm trees standing like dying prisoners, chained to a little plot of ground with black pavement hiding their feet. Dust and old buildings and old people sitting at windows, old people tottering out of doors, old people moving painfully along the dark street. The old folk from Indiana and Iowa and Illinois, from Boston and Kansas City and Des Moines, they sold their homes and their stores, and they came here by train and by automobile to the land of sunshine, to die in the sun, with just enough money to live until the sun killed them, tore themselves out by the roots in their last days, deserted the smug prosperity of Kansas City and Chicago and Peoria to find a place in the sun. And when they got here they found that other and greater thieves had already taken possession, that even the sun belonged to the others; Smith and Jones and Parker, druggist, banker, baker, dust of Chicago and Cincinnati and Cleveland on their shoes, doomed to die in the sun, a few dollars in the bank, enough to subscribe to the *Los Angeles Times*, enough to keep alive the illusion that this was paradise, that their little papier-mâche homes were castles. The uprooted ones, the empty sad folks, the old and the young folks, the folks from back home. These were my countrymen, these were the new Californians. With their bright polo shirts and sunglasses, they were in paradise, they belonged.

But down on Main Street, down on Towne and San Pedro, and for a mile on lower Fifth Street were the tents of thousands of others; they couldn't afford sunglasses or a four-bit polo shirt and they hid in the alleys by day and slunk off to flop houses by



From "Ask the Dust" copyright 1939, 1980 by John Fante
Reprinted from "Ask the Dust" by John Fante with the
permission of Black Sparrow Press.

J

TURN
TO NEXT PAGE

night. A cop won't pick you up for vagrancy in Los Angeles if you wear a fancy polo shirt and a pair of sunglasses. But if there is dust on your shoes and that sweater you wear is thick like the sweaters they wear in the snow countries, he'll grab you. So get yourselves a polo shirt boys, and a pair of sunglasses, and white shoes, if you can. Be collegiate. It'll get you anyway. After a while, after big doses of the *Times* and the *Examiner*, you too will whoop it up for the sunny south. You'll eat hamburgers year after year and live in dusty, vermin-infested apartments and hotels, but every morning you'll see the mighty sun, the eternal blue of the sky, and the streets will be full of sleek women you never will possess, and the hot semitropical nights will reek of romance you'll never have, but you'll still be in paradise, boys, in the land of sunshine.

As for the folks back home, you can lie to them, because they hate the truth anyway, they won't have it, because soon or late they want to come out to paradise, too. You can't fool the folks back home, boys. They know what Southern California's like. After all they read the papers, they look at the picture magazines glutting the newsstands of every corner in America. They've seen pictures of the movie stars' homes. You can't tell them anything about California.

Lying in my bed I thought about them, watched the blobs of red light from the St. Paul Hotel jump in and out of my room, and I was miserable, for tonight I had acted like them. Smith and Parker and Jones, I had never been one of them. Ah, Camilla! When I was a kid back home in Colorado it was Smith and Parker and Jones who hurt me with their hideous names, called me Wop and Dago and Greaser, and their children hurt me, just as I hurt you tonight. They hurt me so much I could never become one of them, drove me to books, drove me within myself, drove me to run away from that Colorado town, and sometimes, Camilla, when I see their faces I feel the hurt all over again, the old ache there, and sometimes I am glad they are here, dying in the sun, uprooted, tricked by their heartlessness, the same faces, the same set, hard mouths, faces from my home town, fulfilling the emptiness of their lives under a blazing sun.

I see them in the lobbies of hotels, I see them sunning in the parks, and limping out of ugly little churches, their faces bleak from proximity with their strange gods, out of Aimee's Temple, out of the Church of the Great I Am.

I have seen them stagger out of their movie palaces and blink their empty eyes in the face of reality once more, and stagger home, to read the *Times*, to find out what's going on in the world. I have vomited at their newspapers, read their literature, observed their customs, eaten their food, desired their women, gaped at their art. But I am poor, and my name ends with a soft vowel, and they hate me and my father, and my father's father, and they would have my blood and put me down, but they are old now, dying in the sun and in the hot dust of the road, and I am young and full of hope and love for my country and my times, and when I say Greaser to you it is not my heart that speaks, but the quivering of an old wound, and I am ashamed of the terrible thing I have done.



E

INTERVIEW



scape Mechanism

number fifteen, number fifteen."

"next, please."

"may i see some current identification, ma' am."

i am paying quiet homage to a particular form of organization: i am standing in line, a rising cacophony of interrogatives and requests pummel my ears and rapidly dissipates under more of the same. as my grandfather vainly to enter this nation, i am restlessly probing for an exit.

i am handed a number and not for the first time, either. from the day of my birth until that final arrangement with death, my life will be translated, circumscribed by the busy fingers of clerks; this is how i know my country best: clerks. they lay their hands religiously upon the dials and buttons of electronic memories, at these very moments, within the progression of dots striving to identify me, i become alive in the eyes of an unknown clerk.

and today, i am at the passport office. in the days and weeks to come . . . who knows where i shall be? i certainly do not.

i glance at my photograph, a picture that does not fail to amuse me. it wants to be stamped into the body of the most sanctified document of our epoch, the passport, a face imbued with subtle promises. i look like a convict. my head is shaved

and my mouth is fleshed in lines peculiar to the state of mind best known as simple intransigence, and my eyes? yes, they have a light, i cannot deny that, but they are hooded by life which seems the need to hide the past.

can the passport authorities perceive the history of my crimes in a black and white engraved image? do they hear the record of my eleven arrests, the felon bus, ticking away inside my naked skull? i will remain mute in the presence of these questions: silence is my most reliable vehicle and i must escape .

i wait, sitting alone in a row of bauhaus styled chairs, furniture built of chrome and leatherette, glistening with purpose. across from me, i recognize them plainly, are other refugees from the cities of america, poised and confident nervous and passive, well dressed and prepared to reveal troves of precious information, the secrets of foreign lands etched in a philippine man's yellowed eyes, a vietnamese woman's years coded into the language of her forehead, the italian entrepreneur's gold teeth, exposed as a generous smile and distributed in equal parts to all of us. we have been placed in one room, captured by our shared desire to leave.

the black security guard, his leather ammunition belt cracking, watches me as i write these words. he approaches me and leans over my shoulder to see the name of america inscribed on paper.

i look at america from my chair, in the passport office, the dimmed spotlights reflect the gold jewelry of women and the varnished floors are neatly juxtaposed against the purity of a clean window and beyond are the fluttering trees, coyly bending under the granite skyscrapers. they share the two o'clock breeze with the news vendor's cry of diabetes. the

sibilant announcement of the future to come, the speed of our decade, the literal motion of unfolding events, is too much for him: perched on the sidewalk, surrounded by the clutter of pedestrian frenzy, the news vendor wearily nods his american head.

one hour later, or has it been three hours? i cannot recall, it does not matter because i have not filled out my application, but i must hurry, my number is twenty-three, the same year of this century in which my grandfather illegally penetrated the land, he arrived in america, his youthful perspective torn apart by the most popular debate of the western world: of revolution pitted against counter-revolution. this century is not yet done with its work and the argument has not been concluded. accordingly, i will not hold my breath. refugees cannot afford to be anything short of realistic, don't you think?

and my grandfather? though the man rests in a grave, i am unable to push a pen over the surface of my application without feeling his breath upon my hand, his aged shadow weighs upon my efforts to depart. he laughs when he reminds me of the route he undertook to enter the port of new york, wet and broke.

anyway, the authorities are handing out passports like foodstamps these days, frequently and sometimes fraudulently, and for a nominal fee, at that.

my number is called. i walk over to the interviewer's desk. he is middle aged and tinted in a sun colored an innocent shade of brown, he appraises me carefully, and for good reason, my grandfather whispers, from the domain where all true exiles reside, outside the weakened grasp of protocol and national borders. having my legacy, you were born to skirt guards and frontiers, you look like a convict, says he.

facial expressions and history aside, i was told i would receive a passport in a matter of weeks, pending a rigorous investigation into my personal life, of course.

i am a supplicant seeking permission to leave america. i will not wait for a favorable response, a wise decision, my grandfather comments, the translucent skin of his thoughts stretched tight over the never ending journey, so thoroughly illegal, of contents left behind for contents gained.

There

really was nothing to lose anymore, was there? The station was set, as always, on Radio Moscow but he immediately searched the airwaves for something different.



Imre's fingers, pained with cramps, patiently tuned the radio as he listened intently for signals through the garbled airwaves. The translucent dial, which was worn to a yellowish patina from years of adjusting, squeaked just a little as it turned from one electric current, or frequency, to another. In the middle of the night, with no light save the moon through the light cotton curtains, Imre tested any variation of frequency that his mind and voice could make that were barely audible. The coming waves were indeed powerful and they made it nearly impossible for him to hear broadcasts that might play his absolute favorite songs on the radio. Eventually, though, another station from West Germany made it through, and it was again new music. For perhaps an hour he heard things that put him in a trance. Everything sounded potentially electric. Where did they get the ideas, the noises, the fusion of the instruments? Imre pulled the curtain aside and stared into the cold night. The waxy haze from the moon reflected off his dark Russian head, silencing his face. The deep brown eyes averted to the moon as he thought about triangles, perhaps invisible, yet there must really be triangles connecting him to the source of the transmission and then to other listeners. With enough triangles he could connect himself to countless people. How many others were listening right now? The triangles turned to rectangles and squares, connecting him to the source, to the other listeners, and to the moon. What could them connect him to the elusive singer he anxiously hoped to hear?

The announcer finally said something Imre immediately recognized... SOO-PREEM... That's what they said the last time he heard it... SOO-PREEM! His lips, almost instantly dry, repeated that word, or words. His chest heaved with anticipation of what he knew he was going to hear. It was going to be the song that was upholding his life.

All knew had ever wanted to do was paint beauty and sculpt from life. He closed his eyes, weary from studying, and imagined a huge sculpture in Mincio Park composed of a mesh of scientific symbols and formulas fabricated of tarnished copper, rendering the figure of a living Babushka. The sound daydreaming made it harder and harder to concentrate. On what? Aerodynamics? Yes, of course. Professor Smirnov, what were his last words that morning? "Play a good work, my boy, but all actions must keep more than half an hour and point to you." You are to be generous and choose to pass the exam. "Please, you are at six o'clock. Be sleep and speak, my boy." Imre lagged his books to the school café to have a strong cup of coffee but his friend Mikhail was making ready to read one of his poems and that meant Imre had to leave quickly. Mikhail always shaved his gravity and they would certainly come to discussing the new piece, which would lead to hours of new conversation. Imre hastily packed up and slipped into the cold late autumn afternoon. The sky, a continuous flat grey, matched his mood. Moscow, though, was a variegated blue with dots of yellow light. Imre lived brightly through the winter months, thus closest to a shuffle when dead leaves began to fall. The rest of the city moved the same as always, as people leaving early jobs steadily made their way home. "I am only eighteen years old," he thought. "But so resilient! I can't be like them, working at the same over per day evening, any season, any weather. I must push that exam!"

BY JOHN D'HONDT

The announcer finally said something Imre immediately recognized... SOO-PREEM.... That's what they said the last time he heard it... SOO-PREEM!

Imre had the good fortune to be the last of four children to remain at home with his parents. His two sisters now lived in Leningrad, and his brother ended up north in Novosibirsk. A bedroom that was once shared by all four siblings was now his alone. His mother came in to say good night, over-stuffed in her plush cotton robe. She organized his household and insisted that Imre kept a study bedtime. Saying goodnight was the reminder that if Imre hadn't finished his assignments it was his own fault and it was the rightly deserved that she loved him. She would lay him down bed and pull the covers over him. Her hands not yet moistened standing in the kitchen, Imre, as usual, kissed his mother on the tough skin of her cheek, closed the door, laid the bottom of it with a towel and draped a scarf over the red lamp in the room at his desk. These nightly blackout procedures gave him the feeling of freedom and aliveness. Other household aside, he now opened the book of aerodynamic lab experiments and started repeating the formulas, results, etc., while carefully whispering each "magic letter" (as per Professor Smirnov's description). Ten minutes later Imre's head was lying upon the open book as he breathed heavily through a dreamlike sleep. There were nightmares of air movements pushing him into the laps of the science professors at the university. "Ar stab!" he screamed at them, "I only need air to breath and dry my paintings! Why must you turn my head into a towel?" And in the final dream Imre did turn into a tornado, faster, and faster, and faster until he woke with a jolt before evaporating into the universe. It was four in the morning, and Imre cursed profusely because the exam was just two hours away and surely he would fail again; he hadn't learned a damn thing! Hopes of a future were disappearing as the word of life was turned against him and that much of aerodynamics he understood. There was no use studying any more, so he tip-toed into the living room, the plush flavoured rummaged while Imre lay in a giddy garden in the air darkness. The silence of everything was overwhelming, and it was awful to invade the sonnet's privacy at this holy hour. Imre was here to release the sadness that was always kept in the place of reverence, resting with a daily benefit on its own table. It was grand, despite the scattered leather case that held it together and the light oily odor it left in the room. It was heavy and a table-top antenna was attached as well. The equipment was carefully carried to his room, where he set things up on the floor and changed the one modifiable outlet from the lamp plug to the radio.



ER MOSCOW

Imre took out a previously rolled cigarette and lit it, almost not caring if it reached his mother's nostril. There really was nothing to lose anymore, was there? The station was set, as always, on Radio Moscow but he immediately searched the antennae for something different. Occasionally far away stations would slip past the jarringly wireless and this always excited Imre, who loved to experience anything new. If he could manage to become a successful artist he would certainly have the chance to travel, to meet with other cultures, other art, and allow it to mix with his. Through the garbled static was heard, it seemed, German . . . Yes, it was Germany, and he heard it - West Berlin. Imre understood German fairly well and reveled in the delightful opportunity. The cigarette smoke wrapped around the antennae as German news came through the hoisting speaker. News ended followed by music! Never mind! The voice of the announcer came through clearly now and Imre understood - "Liebe Zuhörer, wir hören Sie - Dear listeners, we present - 'Die späte sieben' Avenue, Das Münster Der Hit! The Supreme! Baby Love!"

Imre was instantly overwhelmed by the first strains of a strong, repetitive beat followed by the smack, smack, smack of hands clapping while the voice of a singer, a sexy female singer, came forth with "Oooo, Oooo, Oooo . . ." followed by the stirring harmony of voices blending like angels in time - Baby Love, my Baby Love, I need ya, oh how I need ya - and the sexy voice took hold again and by now Imre's heart had fallen into a new beat. His chest heaved as his lungs worked to replace the oxygen lost from the excitement of the rousing

rhythm that kept up with the wave of voices and - a question? Yes, and horses, and drums, and that day, day-clap, clap that never stopped. He didn't understand the words but he knew whatever they were saying was marvelous. If only Mikhail's poems could be set to music like that, soaring across the sky into radio speakers. I must tell him all about this tomorrow . . ."

Imre restlessly listened to the remainder of the song, it was nearly time for breakfast but how could he possibly relax his stomach enough to eat! Breakfast time, of course, meant his mother would be getting up any minute to begin her long day and what about the radio? The song ended and he waited desperately to hear it again. He had to repeat the tune in his head so he would never lose it and the phrase they kept repeating - Bay-bee-bee, Bay-bee-bee - Mikhail knew a little English so perhaps he would know what it meant. Ten times he repeated it, never to be forgotten. He grabbed the radio gear and crept slowly and carefully, his legs aching from sitting on the floor so long. The light came on in his mother's bedroom. Swiftly, Imre! All was in place on the shelf just as the light from the opening door swept the room, illuminating the flowers and leaves slightly nervous face. "There," his mother whispered and softly, "it's early, my boy." Is there something going on? "My mother, I just had a dream about you and I wanted to let you know I saw it and it was OK." He faked a huge yawn that sent ripples through his unshaved body. He was not expecting such a good day again, but at least these that music . . .

Imre ran to the call after passing the exam, the exam was already just a memory. He couldn't really lose his career as an artist, it was simply indelibly written into his life. He was anxious now to share his new discovery of music with Mikhail and to find the meaning of those earth-shattering lyrics.

He learned Mikhail reading from a book of poems by Verstakhtchenko. Imre slid into a seat at the table and as Mikhail looked up, his usually rosy smile tensed to a look of concern, his friend was frantic.

Imre was instantly overwhelmed by the first strains of stirring, repetitive beat followed by the smack, smack, smack of hands clapping while the voice of a singer, a sexy female singer, came forth with "Oooo, Oooo, Oooo . . ." followed by the stirring harmony of voices blending like angels in time - Baby Love, my Baby Love, I need ya, oh how I need ya -



Mikhail, I need your help!

Yes, Imre, but first sit and calm yourself. Whatever I can do, please let me know. Has some tragedy struck your family?

Goodness, do I seem that desperate? I only need you to translate something from English for me.

OK, that's fine. Hand me the paper quickly and look casual, not so damn excited

No, Mikhail. There's no document. I only know the sound of the word, or words. I'm not sure how many there are. They go like this: Bay-bee-bee, Bay-bee-bee. It's part of a song, a great intro song I heard last night, on German radio. It's from America. Do you know what it means?

Let's see, Bay-bee-bee, Bay-bee-bee . . . Ah! Baby! A little child, And this other . . . you, Imre! I think it must be "Baby Love!" This is the love of an infant, perhaps for its mother or for the world. This baby loves me, and a song is written for it. How charming. You say this is from America?

You, but the words actually aren't the only song. The music is fabulous, Mikhail. It is steady and as rhythmic as a heart beat. It rolls smoothly as the instruments, without hesitation, carry along the voices and what stirring voices! They are female and very sexy. Amazing. I must hear it again. I will sleep every night on front of that down radio. It has, Mikhail, given me a new feeling; the beat has given me a better step. It doesn't leave my head.

It is good to have a diversion, Dave. Just don't get carried away: remember your role as an artist.

This is certain to help me on that! It has opened up more colors, somehow I can, for the first time, see their music has inspired me to paint. I am tired of the old classics. They make me feel heavy and grey. This new sound makes me feel wedged, light, and . . . and Mikhail is . . . I am not sure but could the song itself actually make me feel a little . . .

I am not sure what you mean. Does it alter your perception of the arrangement of musical notes?

No, no, nothing as theoretical. It's more like a . . . transformation. I'm confused, Mikhail.

Dave, you are the most charming man I know. But your world mind shows so much on year . . . face. Don't rush it now; we'll figure it out.

Mikhail, you are terrific.

**CONT'D
ON NEXT PAGE**



0000 00

His lips,
almost instantly dry, repeated that word, or words. His chest heaved with anticipation of what he knew he was going to hear. It was going to be the song that was upheaving his life.

Stealing the man from the reverend spot became a movie and love who'll never mind about being originally recorded, for hours, turn the dial so much that his hand ached. The most interesting offering for over a week, though, was look down below him, from Switzerland and here was nearly completely out of position.

Love! All the while you're reading tonight you shuffled in your chair and smoked another cigarette.

Mikhail, I'm truly sorry. I just... well I now conceived about a painting. I don't know how to finish it.

Don't trick me. I'll still play the song, isn't it?

Do you think I'm being ridiculous?

I can't judge unless I hear it too. Maybe you sense a dimension change in themselves that others don't?

At this point I just like the down song and want to hear it!

There, if you don't want down, Susha will throw us out of her house. Let's show respect for the others. Perhaps I could write a poem just for you and call it "Being Love."

You don't get it, Mikhail.

What is it?"

I don't know, but you are? as the same wavelength with me. What is this about wavelengths?

It's wavelengths, Anyways, I will just have to suffer this out as my own.

That's useless me. We are always together on such things.

Please understand that you will have to hear the song before you understand!

Then finally Irina's neurotic persistence paid off and the tangle was again complete when he heard... SOOPREEM... and again came from far away the pulse, the encroaching beat, the clap, clap, clap, clap, and he was truly, absolutely hooked for life. The hands pounded the legs, the feet tapped on the floor, the head shook and his mother woke up. Irina didn't notice the ruler pushing the towel away from the bottom of the door, nor the little crack of light coming through, nor hear the tick of the knob. Finally the light from the half whitewashed moonlight. He mother stood frozen, her surprised face lit by the myriad of light painted on her head. Should he be approached, she would say that would send him into uncontrollable convulsions? Then she saw the cakes and shrieked, "Wow!" What is the sense of anything we are doing with the cakes?" I can't believe what I am seeing. What are you doing, or what is it doing to you?" Irina held on his chest and moaned hard, preparing to act as cool as possible. Mother, really? You are only stretching free sitting in love. Ahhhh, Professor Sverre told us that if at all possible we should listen to a temperamental late at night to help us understand the wavelengths of sounds that make it through the sensory nerves. Please don't be angry at the Professor since we only need for us to really grasp something we would otherwise not understand." She was too stunned by the near ridiculous answer to even try to decide its validity. "Yes, I see, love. It would be very complicated. You do understand we can come with the cake, do you not?" Irina heaved out easily. "Yes, of course, Mother. I think I'll get the lesson down now. I'll return the radio and get to sleep."

Irina stirred the small cup of dark coffee over and over until it was too cold to drink. Mikhail and his continuaously content face would usually cause any of Irina's bad moods, as well as nervousness or lassitude when he'd stand about to bless that Mikhail had so much influence over his emotions.

Friend, drink your coffee. You must speak at least. This music that lifted your spirits so high soon makes you so depressed

Mikhail, every time I think of that song I get as excited I could swear. But then I get upset because I can't hear it when I want.

If you could listen to it all the time would you not feel less stressed after a short notice?

If you heard it yourself, I'll never get tired of it. So to honest, Mikhail, of the situation doesn't change it... well, it has already begun to affect my work. Forget all that stuff I told you, everything is crossing out down.

The two friends sat together in a caring silence, then knees inexorably rising against each other, here pulled hand of his cigarette. Mikhail did not know what else to say to his friend, knowing well that when Irina was in despair over his art, things were indeed bad and he should not waste time with circular arguments to wrap her out of it; he would wait for just the right words to come to mind. A young woman sitting at the next table then turned around and carefully broke the silence.

Excuse me, I could not help but overhear something. But, trust me, I may be able to help you. What is this song you're stuck on?

It comes from America. The title I can't name of, but it's very nice sounding like "Buy-Boo-Boo".

Yes, yes. Par chance que! My friend has it!

Has it? Do you know a recording?

Yes you. Listen, friends. I know a place where we can go. One Ladenburg Avenue is running a little dance room tonight. It costs 50 cents and includes refreshments and she will play what you want. You can hear your song, love, I am sure of it! My name is Rita, by the way.

Rita, I am sure, this is Mikhail and you have saved me. If ever you need something, let me know. Tonight!

2. SUN, RUM, RUM BOOM - 1. The Sound (2:30)
3. BABY LOVES PRETTY GIRLS - 2. Baby Loves Pretty Girls (2:30)
4. WHEN YOU'RE HOT - 3. When You're Hot (2:30)
5. DANCE WITH ME - 4. Dance With Me (2:30)
6. GENE'S GONE - 5. Gene's Gone (2:30)

The triangles

turned to rectangles and squares, connecting him to the source, to the other listeners and to the moon. What could then connect him to the elusive singers he anxiously hoped to hear?

Mikhail and Irina entered the small, dark living room that was closed away to make room for dancing. It was a familiar student household; not all too cosy. Their attempts were made, however, to create a festive mood. A few balloons dropped from the ceiling, reflecting the yellow light from the electric chandelier. Ludmilla herself was a grand presence, a large, buxom young lady sitting royally and protectively by the record player, holding the next selection in her hand. A slow number was coming through the small dented loudspeaker as the other dozen or so visitors stood drinking and talking. The singer was female and the discernible, repeated theme for this song was the word: DOWNTOWN. Irine began to feel as if all those present were indeed in another country. More than Moscow was in this room, more than all of Russia. Irine's triangles and rectangles passed through here on their way through the airwaves. Mikhail and Irine crossed the room to pay Ludmilla, who placed the money in a battered old cigar box and gave them permission to look through the collection. Something stirred in Mikhail as he gazed at Irine, who was flipping through each card, carefully reading the titles on the back and front sides. They then came up behind them.

Good morning, friends! I am so glad you have come. Does that find your song, Irine?

Not yet, Ray. Are you sure you heard the same one?

Dow, relax. I am sure. The record should be in a sleeve, with a photo of the singer.

Irine was lightheaded as he frantically crumpled all disks that were not in one of the paper envelopes and finally it appeared, staring back in its face, those words: BABY LOVE. "I pressed across the top in bold print. Below was the photo of those women with dark skin, dark hair and exotic western blouses that glistened like stars in the photographic light. Their faces were dramatic, yet smirking, and partially in shadow. One wouldn't think with such beautiful skin they would need make-up but their eyes were carefully outlined in black, allowing them to show through pale white, like the country, perfect teeth between their bright red lips. The eyebrows too were redefined and darkened. Irine could feel his soul mix with the girls and with Mikhail and this caused his stomach to tighten although he was elated at this discovery. "Look at that photo," he heard Mikhail utter slyly. Looking at Mikhail's face, it was apparent he was just as affected by it. This was a perfect triangle, thought Irine. Me, Mikhail, and these girls who call themselves The Supremes.

Irine took out the record and passed the sleeve to Mikhail. Holding the record felt powerful, as powerful as the song itself. Irine suddenly had more respect for the pretensions he tried so hard not to be because a worker somewhere in America had made this record just for him. There was even a snap on the label, a city named "Detroit" was a red star and he supposed this was where the three girls lived.

Mikhail, please... please help me. I want to steal this record, right now. How can we sneak out with it?

Irene, don't be crazy! I've never heard you talk like that. Use your integrity.

I must have this record!

Stop it. We will find you out. Let's ask where Ludmilla got yours.

The record played for eleven times and the very annoyed Ludmilla declared each playing the last time in the evening. Irine was ditched in this listening, while holding onto the photo of the captivating Irine. Mikhail sat by, his hand secretly resting on Irine's shoulder. "It's glorious," Mikhail expressed. "Glorious that you're free from your past, from your contend music." Irine floated on one of the girl's faces and as his vision blurred he imagined his own persona coming through; his own person that could be made with the brown leather shoes and peacock wool soft he now wore or female with black, braided hair and a lime sleeveless dress. It was beyond gender, but went right to his soul. Was he not as much a kindred soul with these ladies as he was to Mikhail? The Supremes - Irine knew that was what they called themselves, but who were these ladies, and how did they come from so far away to be part of his world? He was now agitated and into wonderment. The song and the girls were perhaps a catalyst. They came to him through Germany, through tiny air molecules that hit his radio antenna and now through the little plastic disk. The disk was spinning and maybe Mikhail had been right, did lime sleeveless dresses demonstrate a change in the world? His rare paintings; were other artists around the world painting in such light, vivid colors? Was he, after all, more a part of things than he realized? "Irene," said Mikhail, "don't be startled but I think perhaps I finally got it."

THE END



HELP!



Emigre : The Magazine That Ignores Boundaries.

At the turn of the century when midwesterners and Texans rode the railroads to California to establish new homes, one of the favorite trees they planted in their yards was a palm tree. This way they could realize their grand vision of Southern California as the exotic desert paradise.

To realize such dreams boundaries must be ignored. In the process of art and writing the final step is to present your work to the public through galleries or publications. This is only seldom realized by the young and unknown artists. That's why we started Emigre magazine. It has become an alternative vehicle to present our work to the public.

HELP!

~~We need~~ subscribers. IT'S THE only way
we will ~~survive~~ even though you don't get much of a break on the price
~~you'll receive~~ one of the most attractive and
exciting magazines ~~being published~~ today

Emigre is dedicated to those travelers, immigrants, exiles and other people who define themselves as international citizens of the world.

R

e·mi·gré

S

SUBSCRIBE AND RECEIVE

Subscription rate for the U.S. and Canada is \$10. for 2 issues (individual); \$12. for 2 issues (institutional). Foreign Subscriptions by surface mail cost \$12.60; by airmail, \$21.00. Make check or money order [U.S.] or international money order (outside U.S.) payable to: EMIGRE GRAPHICS, 49 Shattock Square, Box 175, Berkeley, CA 94704-1140. Indicate starting issue number, your name and address and amount enclosed. Do not send cash. All orders subject to availability.



Page from "Positively Palmtree"



FREE

BONUS BOOKLET

Subscribe now and receive a free copy of the pull-out poster in its original form, a small 16 page full color booklet in ziplock bag "Positively Palmtree" was designed by Rudy Vanderlans and printed at the Visual Studies Workshop in Rochester, NY, as an Artist-in-Residence project. The Residency program is supported in part with a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts. Printed by Tom Sullivan on a 10x20 Heidelberg Zerk, on 80 lb Heunle Halle, using process red, pms 108 and pms 339.



S

PULLOUT



KODAK SAFETY FILM 5060

KOD

ander

EMIGRÉ

é·mi·gré (em'ə grā')



s i t

MAGAZINE

SUBSCRIBE

Subscription rate for the U.S. and Canada is \$10.- for 2 issues
(Individual); \$12.- for 2 issues (Institutional). Foreign Subscriptions
by surface mail cost \$12.00; by airmail, \$21.00. Make check or
money order (\$10.) or International money order (outside U.S.)
payable to: HIGHRISE GRAPHICS, 48 Chaffetz Square, Box 175, Berkeley,
CA 94704-1140. Indicate starting issue number, your name and address
and amount enclosed. Do not send cash. All orders subject to
availability.



By R



l y

Lans

L



© 1990 ROBERT LONGO
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

O

N

G

O

© 1990 ROBERT
LONGO
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

© 1990 ROBERT
LONGO
ALL RIGHTS RESERVED

An Apple Pie Recitation

:GEORGE SAND

"Humanity is not an empty word. Our life is made of love, and not to love is not to live. The people, you say. This 'people' is you and I . . ."

George Sand, "Reponse à un ami." ("Reply to a friend," August 1871)

IC, as they say, life is larger than art; these great authors must have very large lives indeed. Certainly this holds true for George Sand, the astonishing 19th century French writer who wrote 70 novels and novellas, 26 plays and treatises of education, and was the mother of George Sand.

Known now for her large output, George Sand's readers are less aware of her art. This was not the case for her contemporaries, writers and critics of France. Honoré Balzac, Gustave Flaubert (to whom the reply quoted above was addressed), Walt Whitman, Henry James, Fyodor Dostoevsky, Ivan Turgenev, Heinrich Heine and the Baudelaire sisters, to name a few, all considered her among the greatest writers of all time.

George Sand did not necessarily share this instant opinion of her work: "To make people question accepted fact, to call out for forgotten truths, is enough for me," she writing raised the dust of controversy, she challenged the "bourgeois" institution of marriage, the pyramides of the Church and monarchy, the perversion of society. When she made her major statement in "Léon," she shocked her generation:

"I am not here writing just for her peers; respected, her 'equal and irreducible' peers. I am writing the voice of the natural world, the extremes and anomalies of human nature. Her affection for the French bourgeoisie and its doctrires in her gentle novella 'How to Marry a Husband' ('Le Huchard Paix') is a fine example of that."

She dreamed of a world community without sexual, class, religious or racial barriers, without vice. She did believe that "sexual reform is the duty of every citizen," but her anger was more directed at the social system.

"Se faire ici ce de mal peut tout t'aider."

Patriotic events in her time moved rapidly, as in our own. Her age saw the class polarization and social repression propagated by the Industrial Revolution coalesce into periodic workers' rebellions. From her balcony in Paris, George Sand watched with anguish the rivers of blood running in the streets after the Massacre was the Seine, 600 people killed in one day. She also witnessed the rise of the monarchy. She can see the drama: "Those are the drums of her socialist drama in the failed revolution of 1848 (year of Karl Marx's 'Communist Manifesto'), in which she had played an active part. In 1870, at the age of 64, she foresaw with dismay France's entry into the Franco-Prussian War, despite her plan for a 'Universal Peace.' This conflict combat led to the siege of Paris, whereas the starving residents were forced to eat rats, cats, horses and the animals in their zo-

By Alice Polesky

As soon as this was over came the 1870 revolution, in which 20 to 25,000 Parisian citizens were killed by the government during a civil insurrection that attempted to reverse the French republic and correct economic inequalities.

With all this, George Sand remained her faith in the ultimate triumph of reason and good will, the assistance of the divine, and the right of the people to self-government and freedom.

Yet the same climate that generated France's political strife also influenced its cultural output, with the Mouvement sans arrêt (the revolutionaries exiled in the Romanian principality, Delacour, Chapon, de Plassez, Lest, Hugo, Chauvelain).

These were the times George Sand's estimates, her lovers or lifelong friends. Everything was open to question: women's rights, workers' rights, government and social structures, the dogma of progress. In this experimental period, she wrote a biography of Chopin, wrote novels, and wrote political tracts, and takes a succession of lovers, just like her fellow female artists.

The Romance was a rambler, reader, flâneuse and extremely self-conscious lot. They created an lives with themselves. In fact, George Sand's life reads like a novel. Her life and loves were measured in her day by a biographer as "a series of events, a series of portraits in 'People' magazine, giving the reporter an good travel in a stories, choices and unusual human condition. And she was ideally suited to the Romance life, the lived as a reader, reader where the art was more interesting, the texture of life rather, the emotions more palpable than for ordinary folk like her husband Casimir for example.

George Sand was outreeding in her capacity as a woman, when she had the good fortune to be paired with her "mistresses" and "boyfriends." She took complete control of her life in a manner that was identical to a man's. In her case, women were legal minors all their lives, the shadows or appendages of their husbands. Hardships either possessed or controlled any inheritance or earnings their wives had. For example, a woman was lost enough to move from a Paris apartment to a small town, but her husband could sign her name instead of hers to her bills.

It was in this context that George Sand established her own life and from her earliest days luxuriously supported her household: her children, servants, several lovers and from time to time, friends just like a man. And just like a man, she had a loved mistress, so broad that the ones of her day often referred to her as a man. They could not accept that a woman whose temperament and behavior could be a man's also a woman's.

And yet the "feminist" qualities of love, beauty, emotional depth, sensuality and perception were more marked on her than in most women. She lived for life, was quick to forgive and could cast aside everything when it was a question of love or friendship.



Most strangely, she had no conflicts between these two sides of her nature, they were in harmony. "What a brain that she has, and what a good woman," said Turgenev. "Much loved woman and the outstanding man of her time," said the Count d'Epinay. "You of the third sex," said Flaubert. "The most womanly woman I have ever known," said her lover de Mervet.

So great was this breakthrough into individuality through layers of repetitive archetypes that for many people, this is an enigma. Who was she? The woman who was the most adored, dressed like a man and took many lovers? "Who's this Chopin's lover?" people ask. She was, for some years, though in her day, people were more likely to say that Chopin was George Sand's lover. It's hard to imagine a fuller life than hers.

Or a more documented one. Her correspondence is enormous at 25 volumes, each about 1800 pages long, not to mention her memoirs, her diaries, her notes, her very first diary ("Journal des deux dernières années"), the letters of urban life to her or about her. The art of spontaneous handwriting has faded, but in her day, she and her strong post-lover le Marquis Félix expected that poetry would read easily into a note that passed between them, and they were right. So writers were more aware that their letters could be boring. Thank God for posterity that there were no telephones in those days. In normal people felt compelled to write things down.

George Sand is unique in that she was writing every five minutes, her intent was to instrumental or to wait that there lacked the time to record it -- before, during, and after her outbursts.

Many of these documents clearly did not survive, but enough did to keep posterity afloat of all the day. We still only know what was clinging with whom, but also what re-read so ready thoughts about they-on-the-other end despite what he was saying in letters.

And yet the "feminist" qualities of love, beauty, emotional depth, sensuality and perception were more marked on her than in most women. She lived for life, was quick to forgive and could cast aside everything when it was a question of love or friendship.

"Life is a journey with life as its goal."

George Sand, "The Countess of Rudolfstadt," 1844



DOSTOEVSKY BANISHED AGAIN

S P L A S H M A G A Z I N E

Art & Contemporary Culture

A P R I L 8 6

A N D Y W A R H O L

P E T E R M A X

J A M E S R O S E N Q U I S T

E R I C E R N S T

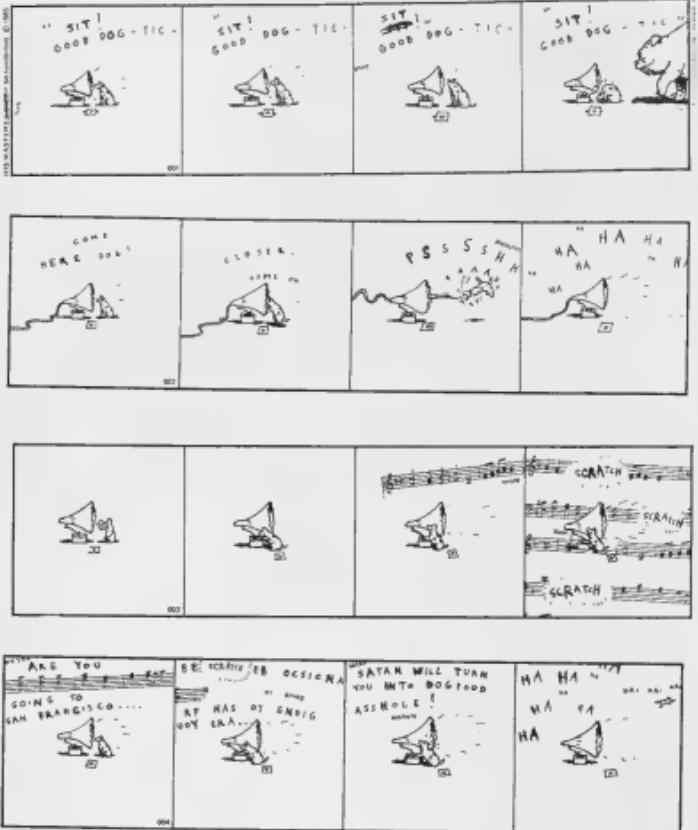
V I N C E N T P R I C E

S U B S C R I P T I O N S : 8 1 3 / 9 6 6 - 7 0 2 1

A D V E R T I S I N G : 8 1 3 / 9 6 6 - 5 1 3 7

6

BERT VANDER MEIJ



heav
devas-
tated,
confet
motiva
ruins
kiss
talk, f



Magritte's Hat

BY VÉRONIQUE VIENNE

He wants her to put her hands in her mouth.

She is supposed to grab her tongue with both hands and pull it out gently. It's like trying to grab a live frog in a plastic bag. It's very slippery.

"Then," he says, "you stick a couple of fingers inside your throat, as if you were going to gag yourself, but instead, you just massage the back of your tongue."

He is about to show her, when she stops him.

"OK," she promises, "I'll try."

She is lying.

It all started some months ago, when I dialed my home number by mistake and got my own recorded message on the answering machine. A strange voice with a thick French accent picked up the phone.

Who was this foreigner speaking on my behalf? What was she doing in my house? I told her to get off my phone and hung up on her. But when I got home that night and switched on the tape, she came back on. She had been waiting for me, and had the nerve to ask me to get off my phone.

I understood then that for all those years, my voice had been betraying me. I got the feeling that I was like that unhappy princess in the fairy tale who fell under a wicked spell. Each time she opened her mouth, frogs, instead of words, escaped from her lips. When I speak, my words, too, croak in the back of my throat, scratch my vocal cords, and then jump out, making this strange sound that has nothing to do with the way I feel.

I feel like one of us.

I sound like one of them.

After twenty years in this country, I still have a french accent.

To teach the small green amphibians how to speak proper English, this man suggested I first reach inside and catch them by hand. He wants me to rub my tongue, stroke my palate and poke my fingers down my throat. He says I have to recantation the muscles in my mouth. But there is something very un-American about all that. I am not studying to be a dentist, you know.

"Look," he says, "you can't act like a parrot if you want to learn to speak like one."

He is a very reputable voice teacher and I am paying him to help me correct my voice pattern. So, one night, armed with three fingers, a mirror and a flashlight, I venture past the entrance of the cave.

It's a dark, moist and crowded place. First I look for my tongue, curled up in the back where it feels safe, and try to lure it forward. But it retreats further, put off, probably, by the dull touch and taste of my fingers. It takes patience, and a little bit of cooing, before the intruders are allowed to feel around and get to know their surroundings. The task is complicated by the breathy, huffing, puffing, and requiring the right way. The salive, in the meantime, is moving in the opposite direction. The teeth, on the defensive, are always ready to bite.

But in this tiny cramped space, the bellicose presence is the least physical. My mind is the one that takes all the room. It stands there, with its baggage of expectations and preconceived ideas, ready to spread out its ware. It needs space to load words and string them into sentences, and then, relentlessly, it makes a spelling check.

I learned to read English before being able to speak it. The whole thing is a mental process, not an audible one. I can't believe my ears, I always want to see it in writing.

"*Tet est good*," I say, while my brain is frantically typing "it is good," and thinks it is.

I am deaf to myself.

I have since learned that none of us can in fact hear our own voice. The sound one feels, when one speaks, is the vibration not of the air, but of the bones in the head, the chest, and sometimes the whole body. The ears are useless, in this instance, since they are designed to pick up sounds produced by the movements of the molecules in the air. That's why it's always a surprise to hear one's voice on tape. It's not just paranoid: we are indeed perfect strangers to ourselves.

"Don't let your thoughts get in the way," says the voice teacher with the certitude of somebody who says it 50 times a day.

As it turns out, he is wrong. My mind, as bulky as it is, can reach deeper than my hands.

"This isn't an apple," wrote Magritte.

I stare at the picture. It is an apple.

"This isn't a pipe," wrote Magritte.

The caption stands under a lovely picture of a pipe, the kind a real gentleman would smoke.

This is my first hint. The picture, as accurate as it seems to be, isn't the real thing. So, when I hang on to the spelling of a word and its schematic

representation, I actually cut myself off from its essential reality.

"Snow," wrote Magritte, under the famous picture of his bowler hat. This is the final clue I have been waiting for.

I have to get my mind away from the spelling of words, and on to their visual and emotional content.

"Hat," says my teacher.

"Hat," I repeat, and my mouth opens, my tongue comes out for fresh air, and from the depth of my digest, a sound is expelled. It's rounded, shaped to perfection to fit the inside of my mouth, with a rim to it, as frisky as a "L". Delighted, I decide to pull out a different hat from the magic enclosure that lies beyond my lips; I want this one to be a top hat, big enough for a rabbit.

"Hat," I say, and for a moment, the sound lingers in my nose before delivering a haughty head gear with a sharp looking rim I want to polish with the edge of my sleeve.

"Hat," I say a third time, but now I am flashing the word "snow" in front of my eyes. A gust of wind almost rips the word off my lips. Next time I go out in this weather, I'll wear a woolen cap. The sound that covers out of my mouth is describing the kind of hat that simply isn't practical in winter.

From that day on, my voice lessons become exercises in surrealist visualization. The words I learn to pronounce are paradox boxes bursting open with personal imagery. I learn to say "river" and my tongue slides downstream among the weeds; "fish," and there is a shimmer, a tug, and the catch is gone with the bait; "book," and it's the small, elegant and crisp book I want to write with.

For my constant worry about the spelling of a word, I substitute the sensation of the proper shaping of the sound. I keep looking for the right fit, as the words form in my mind. If I see them all written, then "est ce que," but if I slow down long enough to enjoy it, then "it is good!" And sometimes it is so good that it sends a thrill down my spine. I am French, after all.

"Happy," my teacher says to me one day.

"Oopen," I repeat carefully,

"Listen," he says, "happy."

So I look over his shoulder, through the window, at the wash drying in his back yard. The wind is blowing gently and the clouds are moving fast in the sky. Somewhere in a distant clapboard house a woman is singing in Spanish.

"Happy," I say, and the feeling is so strong that my eyes are suddenly filled with tears.

"Heaven," he says, without missing a beat.

I look at him, startled. This time I am voiceless. I can't do it.

"Try," he says, as if my resistance made perfect sense.

"Aven," I mutter.

So he takes my hand and gently says "Heaven."

In the beginning, says the Bible, God created the heavens. Soon after that, he created a man and a woman. As the word still echoes in me, I see in this man's clear blue eyes angels, rushing to a rehearsal in the sky, carrying big musical instruments under their wings. I want to open my mouth, but I remain silent.

"You'd better practice your vowels and do your tongue exercises," he says, "you are still thinking too hard."

Words are magic.

In fact, every single word is magic, although some are more magic than others. For each person on earth, there seems to be a set of keywords with a special meaning. For me, these words are easy to spot, because they are the words I stammer on, the words I can never get right, the words that resist banality. The list is intriguing, mysterious, delivered to me in the middle of my speech in the coded language of mispronunciation.

I have trouble with heaven, but I am also quite adept with devasted, confetti, motivated, rules, career, kiss, academy, and paternity. I close my cool with talk, fall, call, and listen.

"Listen," he says one day, at the end of the lesson, "I'll give you a call. I want to talk to you."

As she goes out the door, he catches her gently and gives her a kiss. As their lips meet and their tongues mingle, a transformation takes place. They are falling in love.

It always happens in the end. You kiss the frog.

But then she remembers the odd assortment of words still stuck in the back of her throat, and she wonders what kind of fairy tale this is going to be.

卷之三十一

Poetry by Lise Cohen (South Africa), Elsa Freireiro (Argentina), Barbara Krasse (USA), Mary Tamm (The Netherlands)

On August 25, 1985 at BeyondBaroque in Venice, California, poets from six different countries participated in a poetry reading to celebrate the publication of *Emigré 3*. Following is a selection from this reading with a short introduction by Marc Basch who co-organized the event with Lisa Eshom.

Marc Susan

I am forbidden to visit the Western Lake.
There is no place else I want to go.
The wise man, no matter how he is treated,
Knows that heaven does nothing without reason.
But nobody can stop me
From writing poems about the
Mountains and rivers of Wu.

(FROM "THOUGHTS IN EXILE" BY SU TUNG P'O - 1036-1101 AD)

Lisa Cohen at "Boundaries Ignored," photographed by Kerr Braithwaite

Poets don't need pianos, backpacks, suitcases, itineraries or tickets for their journeys. They simply lounge on a couch, sit at a desk, stand in a doorway with a notebook, or wake up in the middle of the night with a screen and a great verse. Anything, any word, image, smell, sound or object may break back this creature of memory or even allow it to

An example of the latter is the prose poem that opens the chapter, "Scratched Scars," by South African Lisa Cohen. Ryan driving by an Interstate Freeway in Los Angeles makes her recall a chilling incident she witnessed as a teenager in Cape Town. She takes us footloose away from a police raid during which Black people are arrested, *but don't be afraid to scratch*.

The second poem, entitled "Malvinas - Guerra Sucia" (Spanish for "The Falkland Islands - Dirty War"), is by Argentinian Lisa Frazee. While reading the poetry of her famous compatriot Jorge Luis Borges, she reflects on how the Borges share a similar side; they are essentially just distant observers of that human drama. This also written bitterly about the ravages of war and bolts of her native country's defeat by mentioning its flag, "blue and white like today's snow and fall."

-in the third poem, "Reverse Gravity" by Joanna Warwick from Poland, the alienating forces experienced by all of us who left our hometown, or even our native country, are beautifully worded. She makes us aware of how traveling and living in various places changes us forever, making us different from the people who stayed where they were born and raised.

The fourth poem, "Mexico" by American Berta S. Seagel, creates a powerful and austere image of a landscape of the Border. It also shows that by traveling, we cross borders of distance and time, which can make us extraordinary in a more, more laid way.

The last poem, "Warriors of YXian", I wrote while visiting China in the summer of 1985. Nearly the city of Xian thousands of life-sized clay warriors are being unearthed from the yellow dust. Each one has a different face, yet all of them have the same ferocious look in their eyes. So does that impressive army of daydreamers has crossed the ultimate boundary - they still stand tall after the site had been set afire, burned and forgotten for centuries.

卷之三



As I rode the 405, a Ford van slapped me through the face with memories of my past - scratching at my scars like dogs' claws on a freshly painted door. At that moment I fell back into a warped afternoon on the seedy streets of Sea Point in Kaapstad. The southeaster was blowing through the lunch hour, and those who weren't having a pomp in the park were hanging out delivering their daily jive. Uniformed maids with hands on hips skinned van die life, while the Cats rammed pinballs in the Portuguese cafe. Both sides of the street swanked with amafutha pundooms in tight knee-high skirts. With bold lips and flaring nostrils, these women could laugh and talk like nobody's business.

I was heading toward the Sea Point bus terminus, catching eyes with my friend the Flower Lady who always greeted me with a wide toothless smile. She'd sat there before my first day at Junior School located up the street. In those days I'd wait for the bus and watch the Skollies downing Meths from the Hardwood Store. As the years passed the group slowly dissolved, and the ones still alive stayed swollen and faithful to their Purple Spirits.

Everytime I'd walk that strip, the Manne would tune me: "Hey Cat! I like your style!" Sometimes I'd get wys and reply: "Moenie my draad gee nie ouens. Jy weet mos van wie en van waar ne?", and inside I'd be thinking: "Julie's mos jus in julle monde ek sê."

The mood of the street was pretty lax until nervous whispers caught my attention. The Boere had arrived and claimed their Coloured victims, kicking and throwing them into the back of their fenced Ford van. The Manne were on edge and so was I. This repetitive procedure conjugated spasms of hate amongst the people. They drove off with the Caapies huddled in the rear - their screaming and swearing blotting out the sun.

I hid in a doorway with the Zol Merchants, and now they were saying: "Koekeloer my bras . . . die Boere's mos aan die vang, en hulle loer na ons soos hoere vandag. Julie moes wys wees vir die business. Hide die Buttons! Gooi die pyp! Hey Smilie - waar's die skyf ouen? Kom! Laat ons waaai wenal!" I stood alone as they fled, knowing that Biko had disappeared the same way as those in the van. They too may be beaten to death, and no one would know.

- LISA COHEN Los Angeles, July 16, 1985

REVERSE GRAVITY
the calamity of yesterday - Beckett

I always meet someone who waves his hand and says,
"I grew up here"

and I stare
at arrested houses and lawns,
preserved sky,
streets leading to themselves.

I don't wave
toward anything.
I pack skeletons until it hurts:
practical clothes
in neutral colors,
the unforgetten sunbrush

The past is trickier,
it has to fold
into the mind --
swans and their reflections,
turning points, bridges,
the pigeon on the statue's head

In Milwaukee I met people
who had never left Milwaukee.
My leaving for California
startled them more than the moonshot.
They constantly asked,
"What's it like in . . . ?"

How could they know
there is no answer?
They never had to ask themselves
Milwaukee was Milwaukee.
The church. The high school.
The parking lot of the first kiss

They wave and wave.
But there's no wind,
only stillness, like heavy furniture.
I want to say,
"How can you remember?
You haven't left."

But few understand
the reverse gravity of memory
- JOANNA WARRICK

MALVINAS - GUERRA SUCIA

Borges,
now what?
The useless dawn has found you and me
on this deserted street corner
where the bullets and planes
sound distant and almost gone.

What will we do this moment of sad grace?

This hour of young men not on horses
on the sole paupas
but in that vast white space
that inevitably will lead them to their death.

Does this then mean the epic is not dead,
that this too is poetry?

And you and I, so far away, must wait and write
while hours pass and young men cry,
and blue and white the colors rise and fall,

The useless dawn has found you and me
on this deserted street corner.
Soon the light of day
will separate our roads.
You - to your brightness of tigers,
and I - to a fiery tongue I wear quite well

white blue and white the colors rise and fall
and young men die and we are too far.
you, Borges, and I to hear their cries.

- ELIAS FRAUSTO



MEXICO

In the blistering somnambulance of memory
pigment of vision
where laws of dust and wide angles of
yellow pollen empty from the
sun's eye

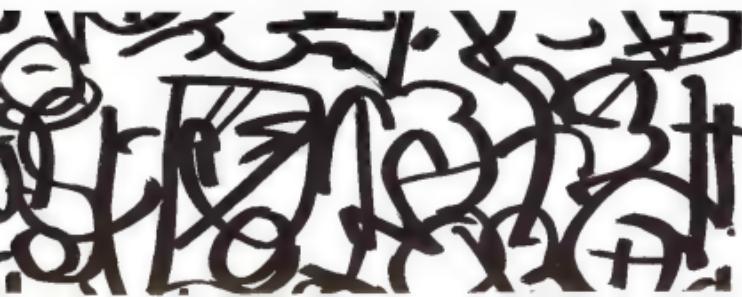
In the torrential silence of a
battered west
bees fly out of bullet holes a
buffalo sunset burns the sky
red a
water glass tips and
holds still for decades.

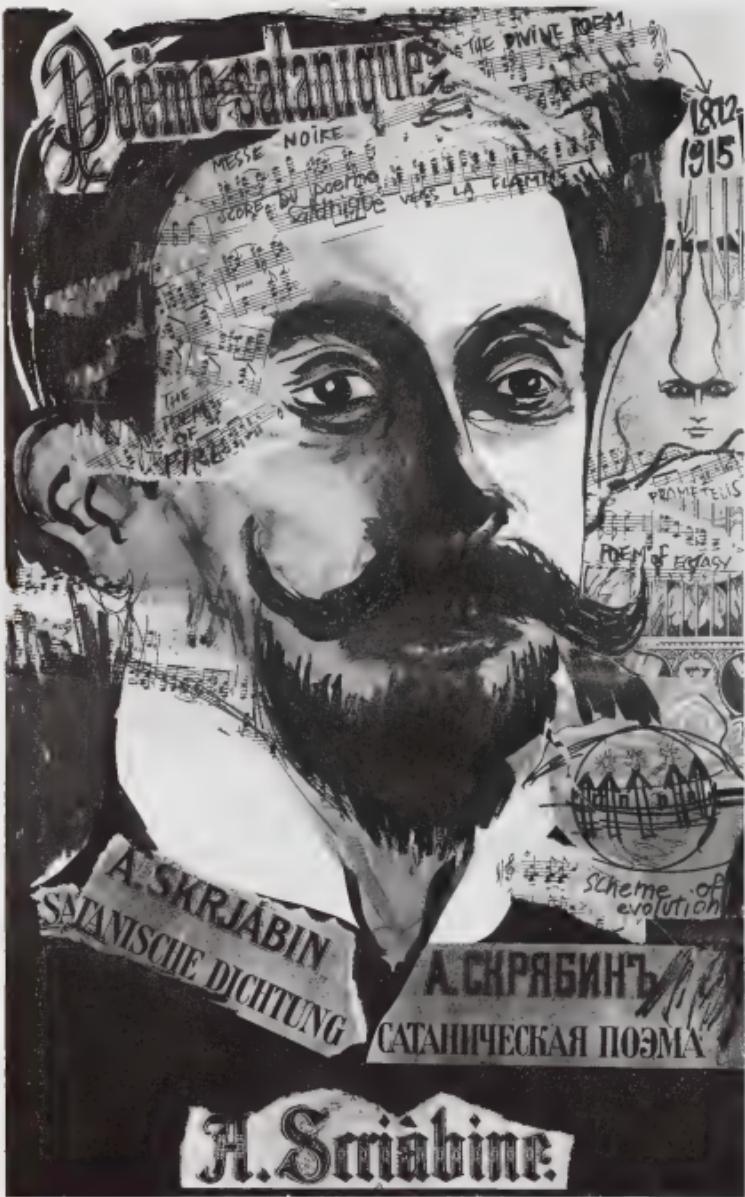
- DEBORA SERGIO

WARRIORS OF XIAN

The clay army of Xian stands
In the dry dusty trenches
Six thousand impasive faces
Guarding Qin Shi Huang's
Dismantled necropolis
Crabads buzzing along the
Roadside in the blistering heat
Charcos crumbling to pieces
A dismembered hand
A ball buried hand waiting
To be excavated
The cracked bones of a slave
Thrown in a pit nearby

- HABIB SUSAH





Portrait Alexandre Skriabin by Didier Cremieux



E1
DANE

Jim Morrison Revisited

Jim Morrison's grave, Père-Lachaise Cemetery,

Boulevard de Ménilmontant, Paris, France.

Photograph by Anne Telford.



Acid Bay

MENSWEAR / WOMENSWEAR / FOOTWEAR / CAFE
530 Haight Street / San Francisco / California
Tues-Sun 11-6 / Sunday Brunch

Photography by Mark Farbin. From "Numbered Women" Series.



C A S E Y C A R T W R I G H T

P h o t o g r a p h y

C O M I N G A D V E R T I S I N G

E M I G R E S

N E W W O R K B Y

P ASSARELLI

X

T

Kina Sullivan Typography, located in North Beach, offers top quality photo composition, personalized service and fair prices. Type is composed on a Mergenthaler CRTronic 200.

415 421-7289

39 Pollard Pl,
San Francisco
CA 94133

Type

Full page (bleed 12" x 17 1/2")	\$ 400.-
Full page (no bleed 10 1/4" x 15 3/4")	\$ 400.-
1/2 page horizontal [10 1/4" x 7 3/4"]	\$ 225.-
1/2 page vertical [5" x 15 3/4"]	\$ 225.-
1/4 page horizontal [10 1/4" x 3 3/4"]	\$ 130.-
1/4 page vertical [5" x 7 3/4"]	\$ 130.-
1/8 page 5" x 3 3/4")	\$ 60.-

E M I G R E
[4 1 5]
S 4 1 - 4 1 6 1
S 4 5 - 9 0 2 1
4 9
S H A T T U C K
S Q U A R E
B O X - 1 7 5
B E R K E L E Y
C A . 9 4 7 0 4

R A T E S

THE CREMATION OF SAM

BY ROBERT W. SERVICE



64

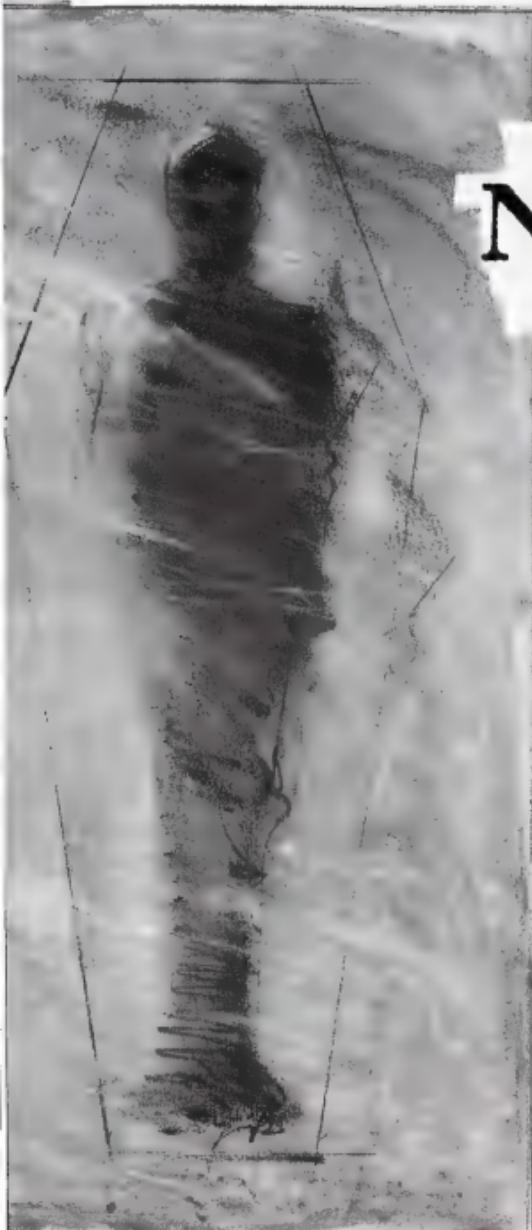
*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.*

PAINTINGS BY WILLIAM

CONE

MCGEE

THESE ARE STRANGE
THINGS DAD IN THE
MORNING TELL ME . . .



N

ow Sam McGee was from Tennessee, where the cotton blooms and blows.

Why he left his home in the South to roam 'round the Pole, God only knows.

He was always cold, but the land of gold seemed to hold him like a spell;

'Though he'd often say in his homely way that "he'd sooner live in hell."

On a Christmas Day we were mushing our way over the Dawson trail.

Talk of your cold ! through the parka's fold it stabbed like a driven nail.

If our eyes we'd close, then the lashes froze till sometimes we couldn't see ;

It wasn't much fun, but the only one to whimper was Sam McGee.

And that very night, as we lay packed tight in our robes beneath the snow,

And the dogs were fed, and the stars o'erhead were dancing heel and toe,

He turned to me, and "Cap," says he, "I'll cash in this trip, I guess ;

And if I do, I'm asking that you won't refuse my last request."

Well, he seemed so low that I couldn't say no ; then he says with a sort of moan :

"It's the cursed cold, and it's got right hold till I'm chilled clean through to the bone.

Yet 'taint being dead—it's my awful dread of the icy grave that pains ;

So I want you to swear that, foul or fair, you'll cremate my last remains."

A pal's last need is a thing to heed, so I swore I would not fail ;

And we started on at the streak of dawn ; but God ! he looked ghastly pale.

THE CREMATION OF SAM MCGEE

He crouched on the sleigh, and he raved all day of his home in Tennessee ;
And before nightfall a corpse was all that was left of Sam McGee.

There wasn't a breath in that land of death, and I hurried, horror-driven,
With a corpse half hid that I couldn't get rid, because of a promise given ;
It was lashed to the sleigh, and it seemed to say : " You may tax your brawn and brains,
But you promised true, and it's up to you to cremate those last remains."



GRAINY SLEIGH IN SNOWY CLEAR BEAT STANDING DOWN 126320



Now a promise made is a debt unpaid, and the trail has
its own stern code.
In the days to come, though my lips were dumb, in my
heart how I cursed that load.
In the long, long night, by the lone firelight, while the
huskies, round in a ring,
Howled out their woes to the homeless snows—O God !
how I loathed the thing.

And every day that quiet clay seemed to heavy and
heavier grow ;
And on I went, though the dogs were spent and the
grub was getting low ;
The trail was bad, and I felt half mad, but I swore I
would not give in ;
And I'd often sing to the hateful thing, and it heark-
ened with a grin.

Till I came to the marge of Lake Lebarge, and a dere-
lict there lay ;
It was jammed in the ice, but I saw in a trice it was
called the "Alice May."
And I looked at it, and I thought a bit, and I looked at
my frozen chum ;
Then "Here," said I, with a sudden cry, "is my cre-
ma-tor-eum."

Some planks I tore from the cabin floor, and I lit the
boiler fire ;
Some coal I found that was lying around, and I heaped
the fuel higher ;
The flames just soared, and the furnace roared—such
a blaze you seldom see ;
And I burrowed a hole in the glowing coal, and I
stuffed in Sam McGee.

Then I made a hike, for I did'nt like to hear him sizzle
so ;
And the heavens scowled, and the huskies howled, and
the wind began to blow.

It was icy cold, but the hot sweat rolled down my
checks, and I don't know why ;
And the greasy smoke in an inky cloak went streaking
down the sky.

I do not know how long in the snow I wrestled with
grisly fear ;
But the stars came out and they danced about ere again
I ventured near ;
I was sick with dread, but I bravely said : "I'll just
take a peep inside.
I guess he's cooked, and it's time I looked;" . . .
then the door I opened wide.
And there sat Sam, looking cool and calm, in the heart
of the furnace roar ;
And he wore a smile you could see a mile, and he said :
"Please close that door.
It's fine in here, but I greatly fear you'll let in the cold
and storm—
Since I left Plumtree, down in Tennessee, it's the first
time I've been warm."



*There are strange things done in the midnight sun
By the men who moil for gold ;
The Arctic trails have their secret tales
That would make your blood run cold ;
The Northern Lights have seen queer sights,
But the queerest they ever did see
Was that night on the marge of Lake Lebarge
I cremated Sam McGee.*

RIGHT ANGLE

INTERIORS



Fine custom furniture

Rugs and folding screens

By appointment only

(415) 885-4828



THE DOMINO CHAIR

Design by: CHERYL R. RILEY

Construction by: PHILIP PASTORAKA

THE DOMINO CHAIR Copyright 1985 RIGHT ANGLE INTERIORS

D I G I T A L
T Y P E
S E T T I N G
A N D
D E S I G N

MOST DIGITAL TYPEFACES
USED IN THIS ISSUE WERE
SPECIALTY DESIGNED FOR
USE BY CHIURE. GIVE US A
CALL OR WRITE, TO ORDER
TYPE COMPOSITION AND/
OR SAMPLES OF OUR CURI-
RENT FONTS. DESIGN OF
CUSTOM FONTS. SYMBOLS.
GRAPHICIS AVAILABLE.

CHIURE
GRAPHICS
(415) 3
841-4181
845-5021
40
SHATTUCK
SQUARE
BOX 1274
BERKELEY
CALIFORNIA

Los Angeles' premiere video theatre
showcasing independently produced
alternative art and entertainment

Video Center

Video Production

Editing

Cassette Distribution



EZTV

8547 Santa Monica Blvd.
W. Hollywood, CA. 90068
(213) 657 1532

OCEAN TYPE

1414 Fourth Street • Berkeley, CA 94710 • (415) 524-8854



JOURNAL

A CONTEMPORARY ART MAGAZINE

A DIFFERENT APPROACH
TO MARKING ENTRIES.

SUBSCRIPTIONS: \$12 FOR 4 ISSUES

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY BY THE LA INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART
2020 S. ROBERTSON BLVD., LOS ANGELES CA 90034, PH. (213) 559-5018

keiting. ~er 1 o.v.w. 1 verkrummen, 2 afbrokkelen.
2 afbrokkelen.
émigrant 1 m. landverhuizer, emigrat.
11 bo verhuisend, emigreerend.
émigration v 1 landverhuizing, emigrat.
2 landverhuzers; 3 vogelrex.
émigré m. -e v uitgewekene.
émigrer o.v.w. 1 zijn land voor goed verlaten
2 trekken van vogels.

Het Blad Dat Geen Grenzen Kent

